



OLD Rosin The Beau.

I have travelled this wide world over,
And now to another I'll go.
I know that good quarters are waiting,
To welcome old Rosin the Beau,

CHORUS.

To welcome old Rosin the Beau,
To welcome old Rosin the Beau,
I know that good quarters are waiting,
To welcome old Rosin the Beau.
When I'm dead and laid out on the counter,
A voice you will hear from below,
Singing out "whiskey and water,
To drink to old Rosin the Beau."
To drink, &c.

And when I am dead, I reckon,
The laidies will all want to, I know,
Just lift off the lid of the coffin,
And look at old Rosin the Beau.
And look, &c.

You must get some dozen good fellows,
And stand them all round in a row,
And drink out of half-gallon bottles,
To the name of old Rosin the Beau.
To the name, &c.

Get four or five jovial young fellows,
And let them all staggering go,
And dig a deep hole in the meadow,
And in it toss Rosin the Beau.
And in it, &c.

Then get you a couple of tombstones,
Place one at my head and my toes,
And do not fail to scratch on it,
The name of old Rosin the Beau.
The name, &c.

I feel the grim tyrant approaching,
That cruel implacable foe,
Who spares neither age nor condition,
Nor even old Rosin the Beau.
Nor even, &c.

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